

PS

3545

I49.56

1903

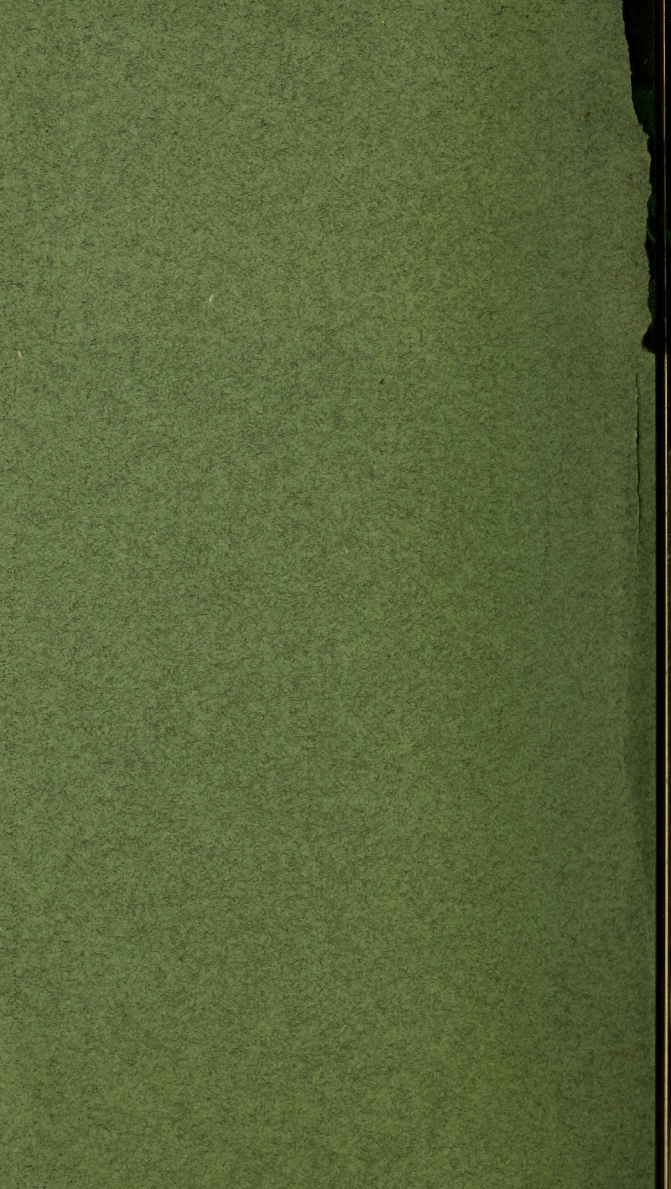
184

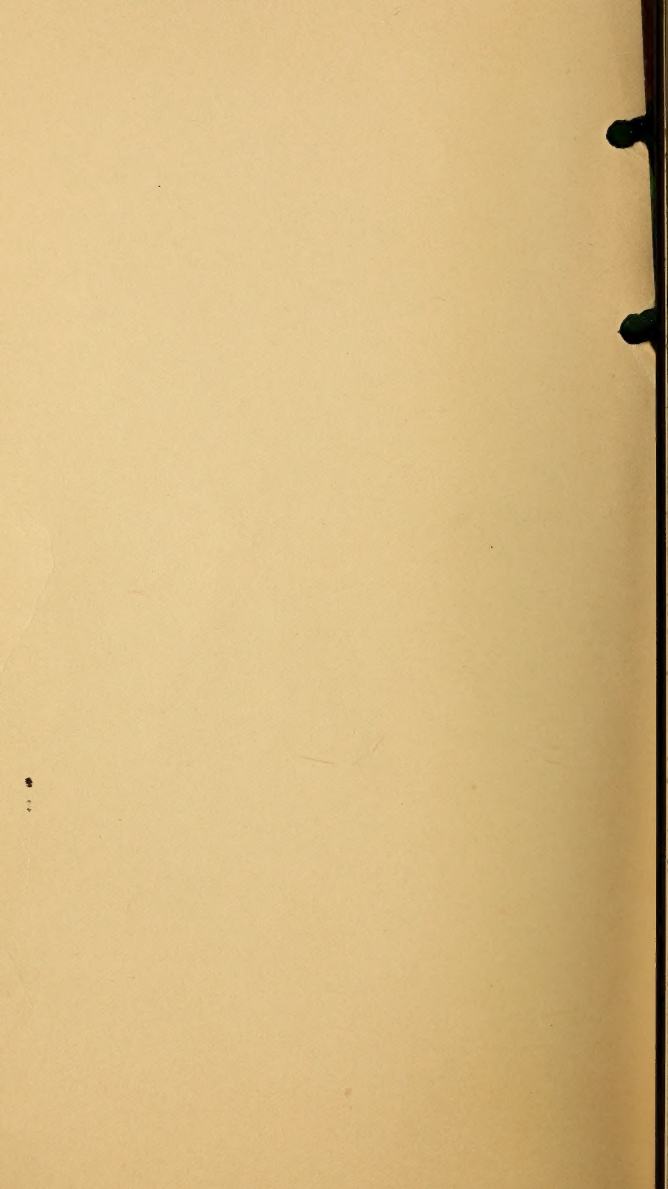
PS 3545
.I49 S6
1903
Copy 1



Songs
for the
Night.

Adene Williams.





Songs for the Night

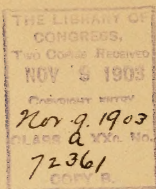
Adene Williams

Copyrighted

By Adene Williams,

1903,





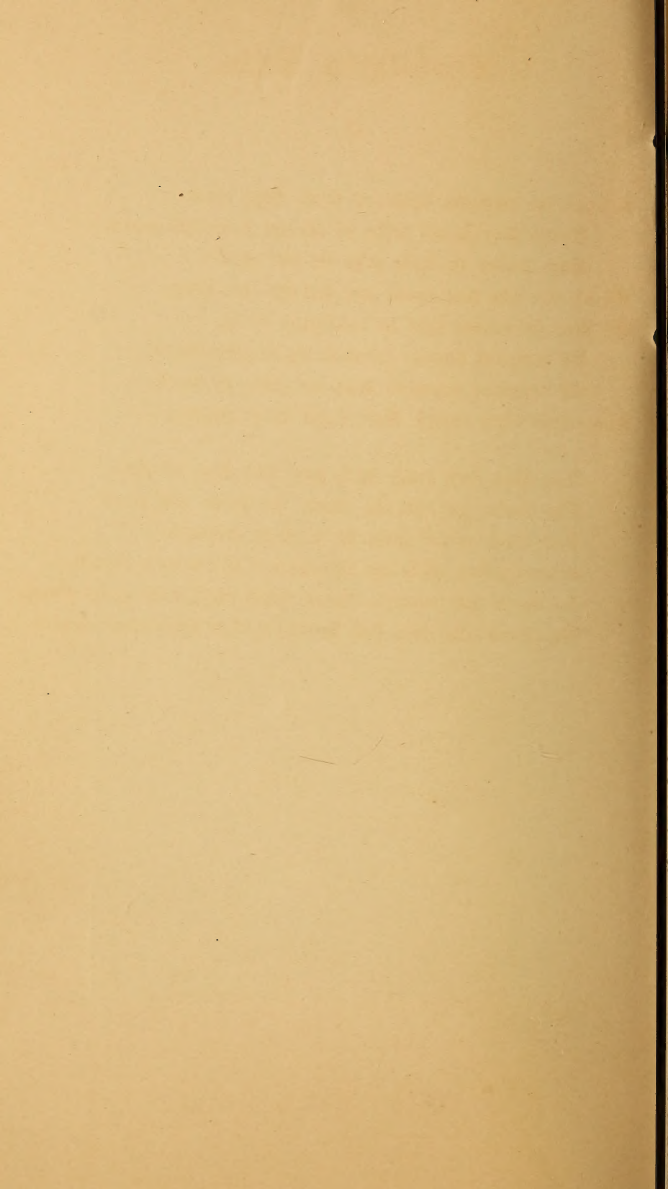
PS3545

I49S6

1903.



Across the twilight fields of Time they ring.
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years.

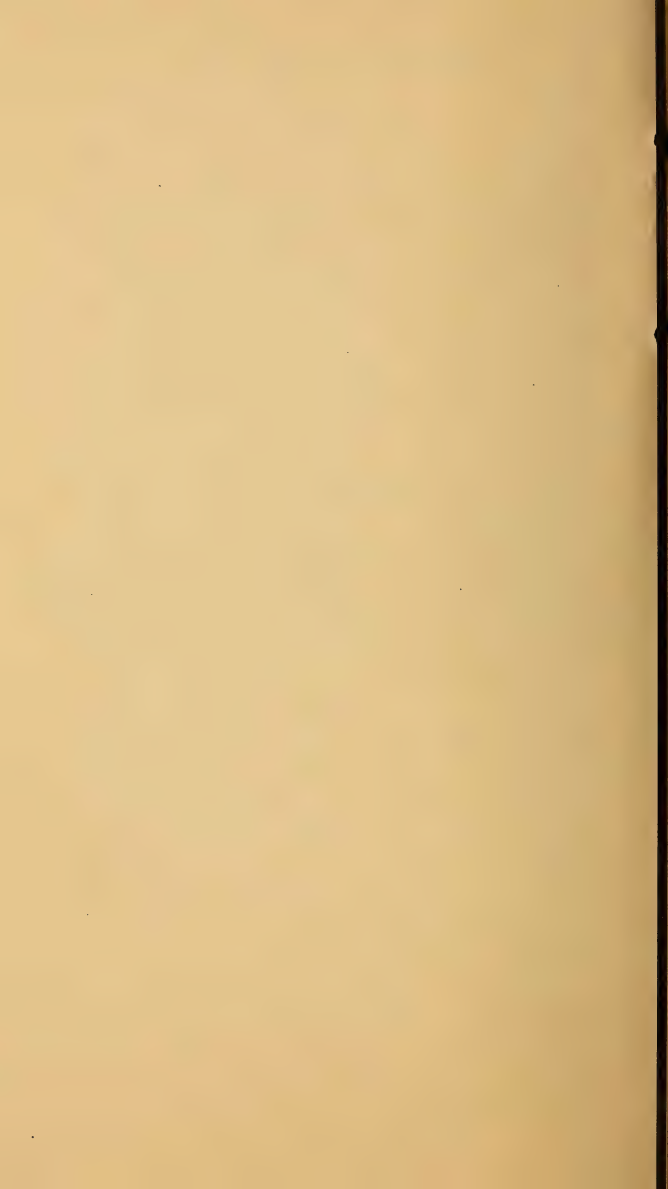


Christmas Bells.



Across the twilight fields of Time they ring,
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years.
How tender is their echo in our ears
Of all the joy that home and friends can bring,
Of dear delusions that to childhood cling,
Of buoyant hopes, unvexed by anxious fears,
Of laughter mingled with no trace of tears---
How clear they rang! How faint their echoing!

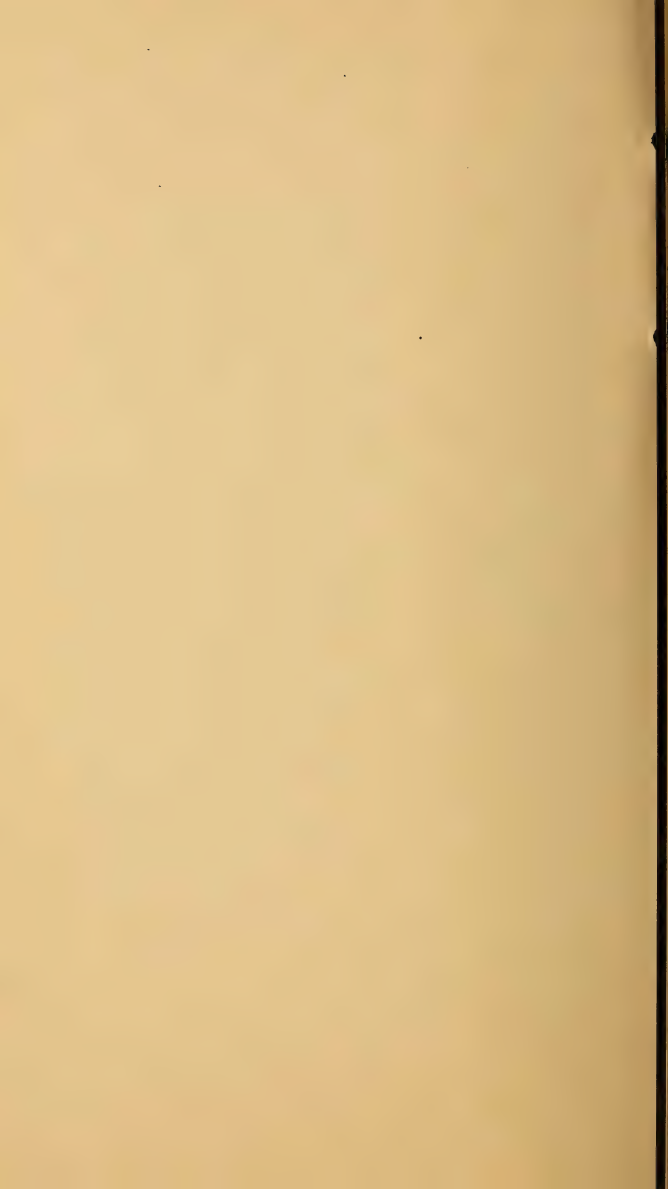
And still they ring, with peal like that of yore,
The same, yet not the same, for more and more
Too bitter-sweet their undertones resound
Commingle with the thoughts e'er circling round---
As doves their homes---those 'yond earth's changing climes
On whose rapt ears fall Heaven's blest Christmas chimes.



The Borderland.



Within the land of shades, hand locked in hand,
Borne here or there by impulse of the mind
They wandered, he and she, nor sought to find
A dearer spot than this calm twilight land,
Where dwelt in blessed peace a quiet band,
Unvexed by glaring light or heat unkind,
Nor cold, nor jangling noise, nor passion blind
E'er found a foothold on that gentle strand.
Each shade had bathed in Lethe and forgot
That earth had been, till lo! when these passed by
Like dim, remembered dream, a sudden thought
Of deeper joy than theirs shone in each eye.
For sweet is rest, but love-crowned rest, indeed,
Is all of bliss that weary mortals need.



Rondeau.

~

This dreary day makes sad my mood;
Naught is there in the earth or sky
In nearer tree or distant wood
To make its meaning understood;
No answer to my questioning why
The dark sky o'er the earth should brood,
Nor why the dismal wind should sigh,
To make more sad my solitude,
This dreary day.

When suddenly, as in reply,
Athwart the sky a rift is viewed;
A dazzling light shines from on high,
And parting clouds now beautify,
A fleecy, billowy multitude—
This dreary day.



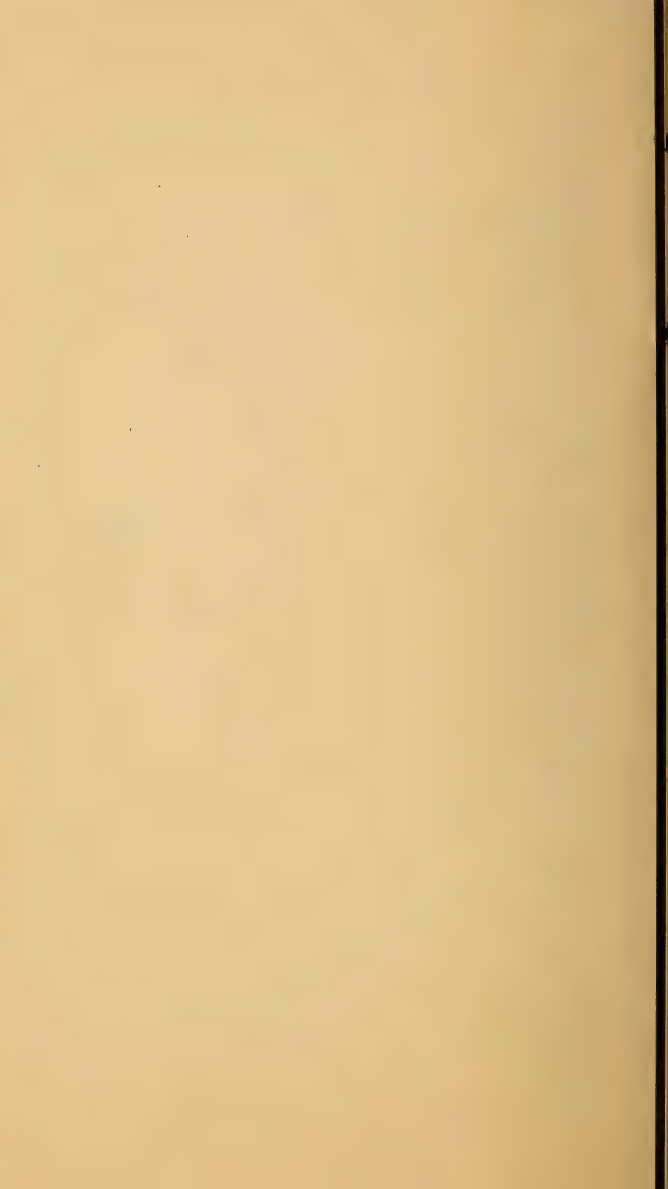




Death in Life.



I dreamed that I was dead; stone cold I lay
And still within my soft and narrow bed.
O'er me, Love's thoughts made manifest, were spread
Sweet flowers, once fondly loved, but which to-day
Moved not the soul within that senseless clay;
Nor yet the grief of friends, whose piteous dread
Of living on wherefrom my soul had fled
Transcended Death, and to that soul found way.
Calmly I pitied; yet not e'en for those
Could I desire to yield this fixed repose.
Less life have they, though still they breathe, who know
Indeed, but feel not human joy or woe,
As they who 'neath their window hear the sound
Of drums and marching feet, yet turn not round.

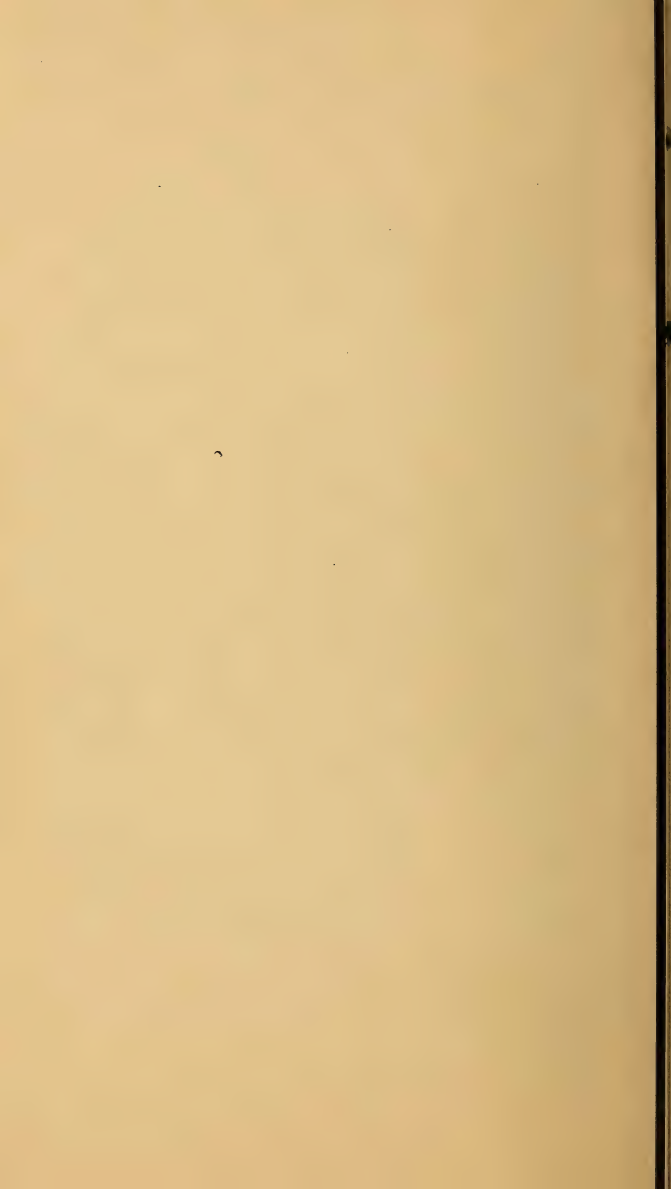


A Swaying Vine.



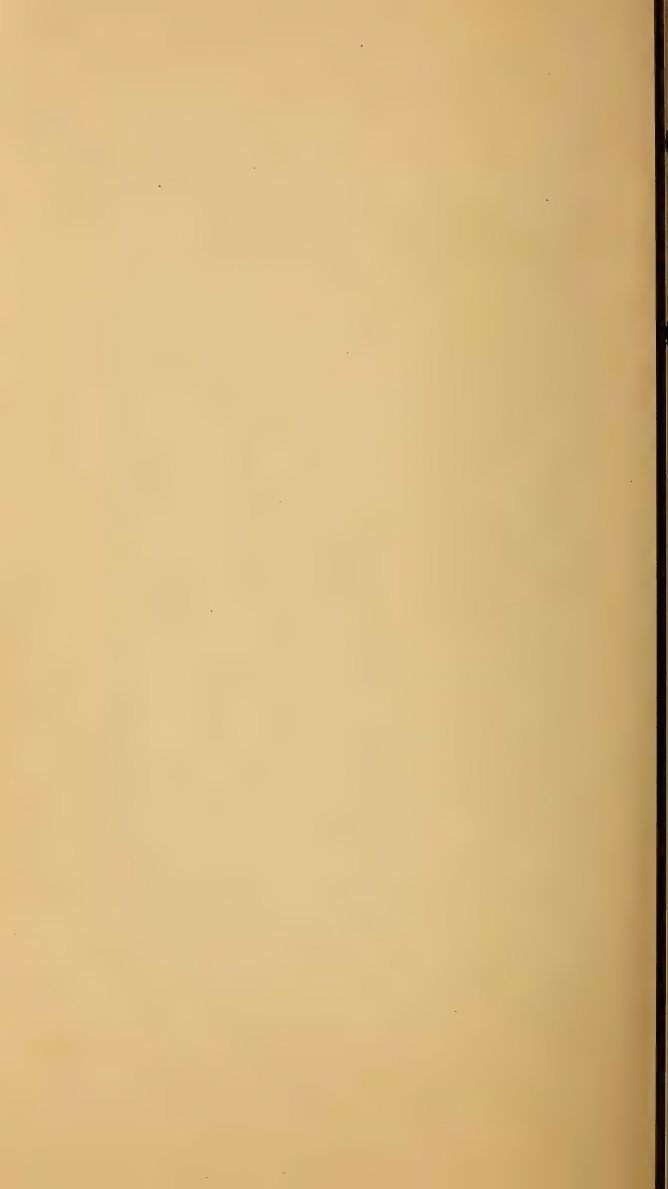
My tendrils, finding naught whereon to twine
All unsupported and unguided stray,
Like hapless children that have lost their way.
Therefore shall I all growth and hope resign,
And all the joys of earth and air decline
And shower and sun, because the hope that lay
So fair within my heart but yesterday---
To climb and climb---will ne'er again be mine?

Nay; I will live my independent life
And float a leafy banner on the air
The summer through; and though harsh winds be rife,
Or breezes kind, I'll put forth blossoms fair;
And when by frost laid low, my strength is spent,
I'll know that I have lived, and die content.





Grief! Outside my door she long has stood
With many sighs and humble men.



Grief.

This day I gave to grief! Outside my door
She long has stood, waiting with many sighs
And humble mien. I cannot else but rise
And take her hand in mine, as more and more
Her pale lips part in sobs, and I before
The gaze of her deep, melancholy eyes
Yield all my will. I feel no other ties;
Joy, Hope, and Fear, and Patience sweet, which o'er
Me sometimes cast their spell, all flee unseen.
The busy cares of life, sometimes so bold
And pressing, steal away and leave us there.
Though none would do her homage, she is queen
O'er countless hearts, with crown of youth, though old
As Time himself and of his woes the heir.



A Song.

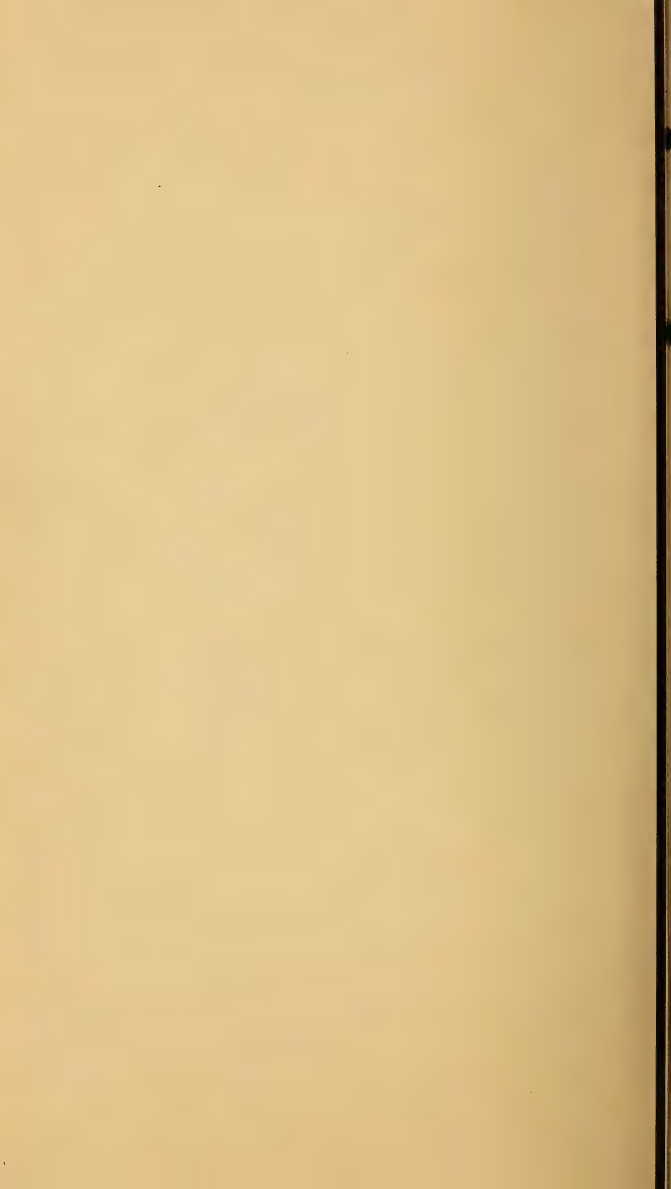
~

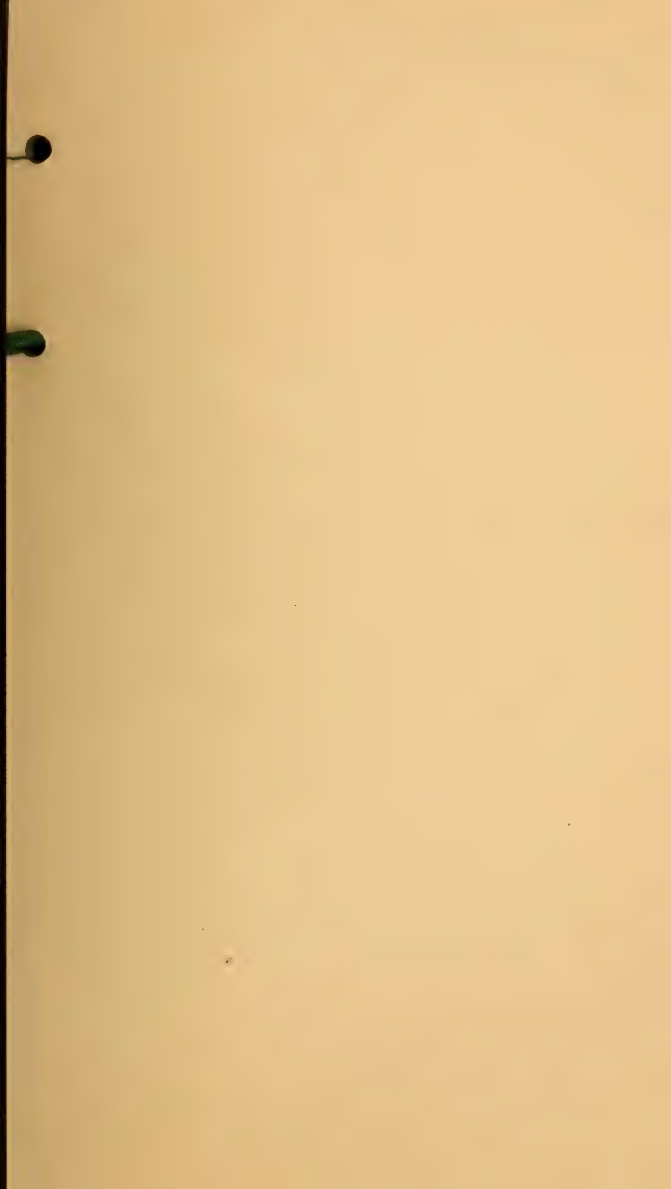
My heart's attuned to naught but woe;
The hours drag on as dull and slow
As held restrained by giant hands.

Untenanted by hope, my soul
Can ne'er attain that heavenly goal
Where dwell with song the angel hands.

Woe needs a more than minor key
To chant its sullen threnody;
And this no power divine will give.

Woe, then, oh heart and soul defy,
For heart and soul must upward fly,
And without song man cannot live.





NOV. 9 1903

9 1903

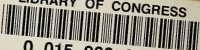
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 930 970 8



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 930 970 8

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5